

Illinois U. Library

ILLINOIS ENGLISH BULLETIN

Official Publication of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English

Vol. 41, No. 5

Urbana, Illinois

February, 1954

Published every month except June, July, August, and September. Subscription price, \$2.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Entered as second-class matter October 29, 1941, at the post office at Urbana, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Communications may be addressed to J. N. Hook, 121 Lincoln Hall, Urbana, Illinois.

Some of the Best Illinois High School Prose of 1953

Selected by MARGARET E. NEWMAN
Elgin High School

Student writing in Illinois seems to contradict the criticism that our schools are teaching neither thinking nor clear expression. Each year that I have read the manuscripts submitted I have found much that shows real thought and feeling as well as some with style that shows more than clarity—real excellence.

Of course these selections represent the best writing and much of it is narrative or descriptive. Reflective writing, however, seems to be increasing; and it was a pleasure this year to find more sketches of real life experience—either that of the student or his relatives. Some of the stories, too, showed real thinking about adult problems.

More selections are included in this issue by using only three long ones. Thirty-six schools sent manuscripts this year. While this is just two more than last year, only twenty are "repeaters." To have nearly seventy-five teachers from fifty schools take the time to select and send their best student work is a real evidence that these are popular numbers of the *Bulletin*.

Why not have folders in your desk or file marked "Best Prose" and "Best Poetry" and, after each writing assignment, drop into them the work to choose from next December? You might also put into the folders the directions that are always printed in the November *Bulletin*!

Additional copies of this *Bulletin*, in lots of ten or more, are available at twenty cents each, from J. N. Hook, 121 Lincoln Hall, Urbana, Illinois. Single copies are twenty-five cents.

MY AMERICAN HERITAGE

America, a country of people with ideals, inspirations, hopes, and faith is my country, and I am proud of my heritage as a citizen.

As I look around me, I see the infinite wonders of all the many things I've inherited. The most wonderful flag in the world, the red, white, and blue, symbolizes to me the courage and faith of my ancestors who gave me this great America. They gave me the four freedoms: "Freedom of Worship," "Freedom from Want," "Freedom of Speech," and "Freedom from Fear."

"Four jewels in the palm of my hand I hold.
They cannot be bought, they cannot be sold;
They are mine and yours, and whatever the cost
These four jewels must never be lost."

I, as an American citizen, hold in the palm of my hand these four jewels, the four freedoms, and along with my fellow citizens I hold the destiny of my great America. I am proud to be a part of these United States of America.

"Freedom is not a political theory. Freedom is an attitude of the soul." Yes, only through my ancestors' courage, hardships, and many struggles have I gained my freedoms. Only through their stoutness of heart and soul has my America become the great and true land it is today. My eyes, as they see the beauty and wonder of this beautiful land, are amazed by the magnificence of it all. They see Indian Summer with its beautiful colors over all the land, and it becomes more of a reality to me that had it not been for those courageous and struggling people I would not have my great American heritage.

In *Spring Came on Forever* by Bess Streeter Aldrich is a paragraph which I think best supports and enlightens the theme of "My American Heritage":

"So the trek began. In they came by boat and by covered wagon—these strong young men from the northern and eastern states—American, German, Bohemian, Danish, some of the sturdiest youth of the nation. Some turned to the founding of the villages, some to the carving of farms out of the raw prairie land, but all to do their part in the building of a great state."

I have come to a better understanding of the hopes, ideals, and faith of my ancestors, who carved out of unconquered wilderness this great land. I realize that we could not have a great nation such as ours without the people of highest standards and ideals, without the people with faith and courage, people who were not afraid to

sacrifice their homes and lives for me so that I might have a better life now. My liberties, freedoms, and inspirations, my wonderful life as I know it now, are my American heritage.

SHIRLEY BAILEY, Pekin H.S., '56
Helen Mae Moore and
Florence V. Diers, teachers

THE TERRORS OF WAR

A True Experience

It was night. The refreshing silence was suddenly pierced by an air-raid siren somewhere out in the dark. My little sister and I were sleeping in the small bomb shelter in our front yard. Only half awake and used to this shrill noise, I merely turned over and went back to sleep, not aware of the steady hum of hundreds of airplane engines overhead or the creaking of the heavy door as our parents joined us from the house.

When I woke up five minutes later, it was just about over. The thick concrete walls and floor of the bomb shelter were vibrating under the thundering crashes of bombs exploding and buildings collapsing all around us. I was too small then really to realize what was going on. We all were praying, since any second could be our last on this earth. Then it was over. Silence—only now and then sounded the ack-ack of a machine gun or the almost inaudible hum of a single plane overhead.

My dad went outside. After a few minutes he came back. His face seemed changed; it was pale and drawn, and his eyes were sad. He led my mother and me outside. My sister, who was now whimpering a little bit, had to stay in bed. I stepped into the open. A cold wind blew against my face, carrying thick clouds of smoke and the odor of burning wood, ashes, and rubble. The sky hung like a bright, blood-red curtain over the burning city. The castle towering above our house was a huge flickering fire; as far as the eye could see—smoke, flames, ruins, and more smoke and flames. Centuries of art, architecture, and culture, the happiness, the homes of thousands of innocent people stood in flames before me. I could taste the salt on my lips as tears rolled down my cheeks. It all hit me so suddenly. I was very much confused, but I am sure I shall never forget this terrible sight: my home town—gone—in a sea of fire.

RALF J. KLINGLER, Naperville H. S., '54
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

THE SEA

A vast, dark dungeon of the unknown lies beneath me, the sea. It harbors many creatures of inconceivable make-up and beauty. A dungeon of fear and death, a paradise of sport and wealth is the sea.

In its heart it harbors the weirdest of tales. It knows secrets in the hearts of many men that are known only to themselves and to God.

Men depend upon it as a livelihood from one corner of the world to the other. Sunbaked natives enter its depths in search of the precious white pearl hiding in the shell-encased body of the helpless clam, trying to guard its new-found beauty with only its vise-like grip.

Its depths harbor the vicious marauder shark driven into a frenzy by the smell of fresh blood. The inky black depths of a coral cave serve as a home for the multi-armed demon, glaring with its single eye in search of one less fortunate than himself.

It is a thing of many moods, changing from a blanket of stillness into a raging, crushing fury, engulfing the lives of daring pleasure-seekers of the sea. It changes from a joyful bathing beach to a smashing, boiling madman in search of freedom from a rock-walled prison.

ERNIE MODZELEWSKI, Bloom Twp. H. S., '54
Sarah Fernald, teacher

PINK GLOVES

In the car speeding home from the dance at Woodlawn, Marge was strangely silent. She was thinking about that evening when she and her young sister Joan had been getting ready for the dance. It was Joan's first big social event and she was starry-eyed, a little frightened, very excited.

She was ready when Dick came for her, but just as she started to descend the stairs she turned and rushed into Marge's room. "Marge!" she cried. "My gloves! I can't find my gloves!"

Joan looked so disturbed that Marge, in a moment of big-sisterly generosity, had given her her treasured pair of long pink gloves. "Thanks loads, Marge!" she exclaimed and rushed out the door.

Joe had come soon after, and Marge in her excitement completely forgot the incident. Only now did she remember. She remembered also how beautiful Joan had looked at the dance and was glad she had given her the gloves.

"What's a matter, asleep?" Joe's voice brought Marge abruptly back to reality. She realized that the other two couples in the car were staring at her. Laughing, she assured them that she wasn't completely crazy yet. The car sped on.

Boasting of his skill as a driver, Joe began going faster and taking the sharp curves and turns at full speed. Marge couldn't help feeling a little frightened; but looking at the others, she saw that they were obviously enjoying themselves. She turned on the radio.

"—car full of teen-agers rammed into a truck about fifteen minutes ago." The newscaster's voice crackled out, "All eight persons in the car and the truck driver were killed. The accident occurred at Willow Road and Elm Street."

"Say!" cut in Jerry. "We'll pass there. Maybe we'll see the wreck!"

"The problem of teen-age driving in this town," continued the voice, "is becoming a very real menace. Until teen-agers learn—"

"Old fool!" muttered Joe as he turned off the radio. "Always harping on teen-age driving! Bet he drives like a demon!"

Just then one of the girls squealed. "Look up ahead! That's where the accident was!" Joe slackened his speed as they passed the spot.

The evidences of the collision had not yet been removed. At one side of the road lay the mangled automobile, and strewn about it were broken glass and bits of metal. Caught in what was once a door of the car, moving a little in the wind was a strip of pink cloth, almost like a flag waving over the gruesome scene.

The girls screamed and shivered excitedly. The boys laughed self-consciously, and the teen-agers rode on, soon forgetting the grim sight they had just witnessed.

Marge settled back, vaguely aware of a deep hideous silence within her. She could see the feeble scrap of pink waving over the wreckage. "All eight persons killed," the announcer had said. Suddenly the memory of Joan's face as she had gone out with the pink gloves flooded over her. "Joe!" she screamed "Take me home!"

EDNA RUSSMAN, Lyons Twp. H. S., '54
Norma Jordan, teacher

SIGNIFICANCE OF BEAUTY

What can be uglier than ugliness itself, and what can be more beautiful than beauty itself? The significance of beauty lies in contrast, and it is impossible for either ugliness or beauty to exist without the other.

It would be unfair to deny the beauty of the dandelion, standing alone, brightening the first sun-rays of spring. It would be improbable, however, for its beauty to be recognized in a garden of pink-petaled roses.

In contrast, an unshaven tramp, in all his filth, with missing teeth, uncombed hair, and ragged clothes emitting an obnoxious odor, is indeed very ugly; but the same tramp has an ugly beauty when truly placed on canvas by the brush of a great artist.

Exterior ugliness is often disguised beauty.

TOM ALDERSON, Evanston Twp. H. S., '55
Mildred Wright, teacher

EL TORO

I have spent several summers on my grandparents' farm in the Ozarks. Their herd of cattle consists of two milk cows and three calves. They once had a steer. I say "had a steer" because he is now resting safely in the deep freeze, and I don't feel a bit sorry, either. Although I had many unpleasant experiences with Ferdinand (for that is what I named him), one stands out particularly in my memory.

Since Grandpa had no horses, I, to satisfy my yen for riding, rode anything I could sit upon. This included fences, fallen logs, saddles, tire swings, and other inanimate objects. The range of living steeds was very limited. I could not ride the calves—they were too small; and the cows would not give milk after carrying an energetic cowgirl around all afternoon. However, I did ride one of the pigs, but the mode of travel was too slow; and although Spotty didn't object, I became bored with the piggy-back riding.

Then one day I had an idea which I worked out carefully in my mind. I planned and planned for the day that I would have my mount. My newly chosen substitute for a pony was Ferdinand. I began taking oats to him until he would allow me to pet him and go into the pasture with him. He often tossed his head, which, by

the way, boasted two beautiful and efficient horns, each a foot long and neatly tapered to a point. I have evidence that he knew how to use them, too, but that is another story.

Finally the morning came when I was going to take my first, and it turned out to be my last, ride on Ferdinand. Of course, no one knew about this exciting adventure that I was about to embark upon. This fact was slightly regretful, for I would have liked nothing better than to have a gaping crowd of neighborhood children for spectators.

The sky was just beginning to get light as I strode down to the pasture. A gray mist hung low over the field, and my jeans were wet from the heavy dew. There was no sound anywhere except my footsteps, and the silence encouraged me. I imagined myself in a huge arena. A hush had settled over the crowd. I came back to reality, though, when I saw Ferdinand's huge red bulk lying in the middle of the field. I sidled up and spoke gently to him. He jerked upward in an effort to rise but sank back again and was soon sleeping peacefully. I smiled with satisfaction, took a deep breath, and moved close to him. I slipped a leg over his back, settled down, and gritted my teeth.

Then the bomb exploded. With the speed of a flying missile, Ferdinand was on his feet, bucking, kicking, and sunfishing while I clung to him for dear life. Unable to rid himself of his unwelcome hanger-on astride his back, he quieted down and started galloping around the field. I was just beginning to enjoy his easy, rolling gait when I realized that he was headed straight toward the gully in the far end of the pasture. The sides were steep, and I knew that I would fall off over his horns when he started down. The thought also flashed in my mind that the steer might fall also, and *he* was valuable. Not relishing the idea of being crushed under his great weight, I slipped one leg over his shoulder, hung on for a brief moment, and dropped to the ground as he plunged madly on.

No sooner had I sighed with relief than I saw Ferdinand swerve and come galloping back toward me, horns lowered. I must have set a track record that would put any star of the cinders to shame. The gate was about one hundred yards away. I raced toward it and scrambled over just as the steer screeched to a stop a hair's-breadth on his side of the fence. It was several minutes before the dust cleared away. While I was catching my breath, Ferdinand trotted up and down the fence, snorting, tossing his horns, and butting the fenceposts. Each time the fence wavered, I moved closer to the door of the barn. Finally he gave a disgusted flick of his tail and cantered away.

The sun was just casting its weak rays across the yard when I returned to the house, beaten by a mere bovine. Need I add that my riding tastes have somewhat changed? I now stick to horses and merry-go-rounds.

DIANE HOOF, Maine Twp. H. S., '56
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

KISS ME AGAIN, STRANGER

by DAPHNE DU MAURIER.

A Book Review

Kiss Me Again, Stranger is a collection of fictional stories by Daphne du Maurier.

Every once in a while in the literary world there is a book written that has a certain haunting or bewitching style which grips the reader and never quite leaves his mind. In the very recent fiction one work which should probably be placed very near the top of this list is *Kiss Me Again, Stranger*. Daphne du Maurier has injected into her book a sort of "other worldly" quality that constantly fascinates the reader.

In this collection of seven short stories and a novella the personality studies are marvelous. Miss du Maurier's range of characters sweeps from a little mechanic who, in the title story, finds that his sweetheart is a murderess, to a bored French marquise who murders her first lover in "The Little Photographer." "The Birds" is a classic tale with such violence and eeriness that it is much like a story by Poe. In "Monte Verita," the short novel, the author tells of the young bride of a mountain climber as she stumbles upon and is kidnapped in a mysterious mountain Eden. "The Old Man," which has one of the best and most startling surprise endings ever devised, records the brutality of the survival of the fittest in a war between a father and his weakling son. Miss du Maurier skillfully incites both pity and terror through tales such as "No Motive," a story of sheer suspense about a seemingly unreasonable suicide, and "The Split Second," a story about a widow who is killed and comes to life to find her small world inhabited by strangers.

Each story in this book is unique, an exciting experience set down with simplicity and power. Miss du Maurier's ability in portraying common, ordinary people who find themselves in most

extraordinary situations is excellent. Each character is dramatically developed through his battles with forces greater than himself—through the particular price he has to pay for the privilege of living. Each tale is supremely convincing. All together they form a brilliant work by one of the greatest story-tellers of our time.

DAVID HENDERSON, Carlinville Com. H. S., '54
Mary Hoyt Stoddard, teacher

THESE THINGS I LOVE

I love to ride down Jack Frost's gaily painted paths in autumn, just my horse and I alone. I love to watch the morning come, sailing in on little streams of light. I love to watch the day go, followed by the sun returning to his cave always just over the horizon, and he, in turn, followed by the all-permeating night. Then too, I love the tones a mighty chorus makes, a hundred voices raised to shake the very walls of Asgard. But most of all, I love quick-silver freedom. And freedom, the most elusive of all my loves, is the one I must have. Without it, souls wither and spirits shrink into dusty, stoppered bottles, like similarly fated ships doomed never to sail the seven seas or to see beyond their narrow horizons. Yes, these are the things I know and deeply love.

ALICE DAVIS, University H. S., Normal, '54
Ruth Stroud, teacher

THE MOON I FOLLOWED HOME

Last night as I started home from the Field House I looked up in the sky and saw the moon. It was a very bright moon. As I walked along, it was always ahead of me. When I got down in Morgan Park, I could see the tower of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company and the moon right over it. As I came up the Park hill, I could see the WQUA radio station receiving tower and the moon right over it. Walking up the driveway, I looked way up and saw the moon straight over the two-hundred-foot tower. I had followed the moon home.

CLYDE STORBECK, Moline H. S., '56
Phylita Shinneman, teacher

OUR HIKE TO SPIEGELSLUST

While we were in Germany visiting relatives for the first time, four years ago, my grandmother asked Mother, my three brothers, and me if we would like to hike to Spiegelslust, a famous landmark located high in the hills of the woods, the next day. (My father, who was visiting with his mother in a neighboring town at the time, didn't get in on this offer.) Now, in Germany, hiking is a favorite sport of both young and old. Whole families, dressed in their best, will spend their Sunday afternoons hiking through the vast, beauty-filled forest. From a distance one can hear the gay notes of a harmonica or some phrases of a native folk song as these happy people, arm in arm, make their way through their Sunday refuge, the forest.

As Mother had often spoken, when reminiscing of her girlhood days, of the hikes her family and friends took on a Sunday afternoon and specifically to this Spiegelslust, my brothers and I were thumbs up on Grandma's idea. Herr Kuhl, a man about eighty years old who was owner of the apartment house in which Grandma lived, and a long-time family friend, was to act as guide.

The next afternoon we set out. In all, there were ten of us: Herr Kuhl; his grandson, Wolfgang; my two cousins, Christa and Brigitta; my three brothers; Mother; Grandmother; and I. We walked for about fifteen minutes before we reached the forest path. At this point we entered the realm of solitude and beauty, so characteristic of a forest and such a contrast to the bustling town we had just left.

On our way to the Spiegelslust we stopped several places. We visited Herr Kuhl's forest refuge, a small cabin where he and his wife often came to gain peace of mind, and also a health resort where youngsters came in the summer to work, play, rest, and—mainly—to get the pure, fresh forest air.

It seems we walked forever, now that I think back on it. Our hike was a constant incline and the path was of a zigzag pattern. The endurance of my grandmother, who was seventy years old at the time, and that of Herr Kuhl, was something Mother, my brothers, and I couldn't believe. They kept right up with unimaginable energy. This endurance was undoubtedly due to the fact that they had grown up with the love of hiking within them and had done a great deal of it.

After about a three-hour walk through the forest, we reached our goal, Spiegelslust. It is a tower-like structure. Having climbed the some one hundred steps in the tower, we got a view of seven counties, including "our town." This view was truly a sight to see.

Spiegelslust in English means "mirror's delight." Such a mirror of beauty as we saw that afternoon was even more than just delightful; its description cannot be put into words.

After taking pictures and talking with the keeper of the tower for a while, we set out on our homeward journey. The return trip went fast. Before we knew it we were tumbling into the door to home. That night after supper, my brothers and I, literally, fell into bed. We were exhausted yet excited about our wonderful afternoon. I know that our dreams that night must have included the beautiful German forest through which we had hiked, our ultimate goal, the Spiegelslust, peeking out among the trees, and the fellowship we had enjoyed.

KATHERINE BODENBENDER, Moline H. S., '54
Clara Carlson, teacher

GIRLS!

I like girls. Of course not all girls, but the majority of them. I like happy girls. They seem to be having so much fun all the time doing such simple things that it makes you happy just to watch them.

I like funny girls. A girl who is always full of hilarious little bits of nonsense. A girl who pays no attention to your frequent dark moods but keeps up her steady stream of humor until it is impossible to keep from laughing.

I like pretty girls because they make you set your goals a little steeper. They make you remember that you should have washed your hair last night.

I like homely girls because they give you more self-assurance. When you see a homely girl making a success of herself, it makes you feel as if you have a wonderful chance after all.

I like natural girls because they make you feel at ease. By their smoothly flowing conversation they make you feel as comfortable as if you were at home.

I like intelligent girls because they are interesting and keep you on your toes. They say such unusual things and discuss such worldly subjects that you feel a little smarter after each encounter.

I like studious girls because they set a good example. By just watching some girls study you can imagine how much they are learning, and you find yourself remembering that you haven't written your book report yet.

I like popular girls because they always seem interested in you and make you feel important. They make you try to be interested in other people, too.

I like sympathetic girls because you can turn to them with your troubles. They cannot always help you, but you can be sure they will try; and just the knowledge that they are interested makes you feel better.

I like sweet girls because they are sweet. They never talk about others, and they say such nice things, that when you think about some of the things you say about people, you are ashamed.

I have been living with girls for fifteen years, and I think they are swell. There is something good about most of them. I'm satisfied.

I like girls!

THERESE MARTINEK, J. Sterling Morton H. S., '55
Carl D. Davis, teacher

REMARKABLY UNREMARKABLE

Jill looked in her mirror and thought how discouraging it was to be such an ordinary girl. She seemed to be composed of the left-overs from a brilliant family. The situation wasn't tragic; it was almost advantageous at times, but the fact remained that Jill was a dud in a nest of bombshells.

She didn't take herself or her unusual problem too seriously, but it became a nagging problem at times. One sister had a magazine feature home, with twins to make things interesting. The other sister had a beauty contest ribbon. Her brothers were even more outstanding. Jamie was far and away the town's best mechanic; Benny was establishing records in medical school, and Les—Les, at the tender age of eighteen, could have kept a harem, had such been legally and morally acceptable. Girls reacted to him as do ants to a picnic.

And into this galaxy—Jill shook her head at the girl in the mirror. "What are the Dundsleys going to do with you?" she asked sternly.

Jill couldn't sing, paint, dance well, or even bat her eyelashes without blushing a little. She wasn't astounding in any of her school subjects, and she left no great impression on her teachers; few of them could even remember her name.

The boys, for the most part, could take her or leave her, and one, Dick Nichols, had decided to take her.

He had been taking her for quite a while, and now he would take her down to Phipp's department store. She was applying for her first job. This was the reason she had brought out the age-old problem, measuring herself against her older brothers and sisters. She knew this, as she took a last inventory of her appearance.

The first job, even though it would be just part-time, meant the beginning of pushing away from home. The fact that it was first made the difference. Life is so full of firsts; they never stop, even on the deathbed. "Optimistic outlook," muttered Jill with a swallow.

The off-key summons of Dick's car horn came to her through her reverie. Picking up her neat, plain purse, she prodded her knees into action.

Dick gave her a broad grin which did interesting things to his fresh crop of freckles. "Hello, Jill; how are you, Jill? It's nice to see you, Jill; I like your name, Jill."

"I don't," she told him good-naturedly. "It means absolutely nothing, you know—just a girl who was such a copycat she couldn't even fall down a hill on her own initiative!"

"What's wrong with that?" asked Dick, starting the car. "Ask anyone who ever fell down a hill, and you'll probably find it wasn't his idea." He took his hand from the wheel to shake it at her sagely. "An old philosopher friend of mine once philosophized, 'A name is a handle, and therefore should be handy.'"

"Ouch!" responded Jill. "I think I'll get out and walk."

Dick tried to look injured. Failing, he saved himself the effort and gave up. "Seriously, Cookie, I wish you'd drop this inferiority complex."

Jill grinned. "It isn't serious, or the least bit sad, but do you realize that every member of my family, with one exception, is startling?"

"I think," Dick remarked drily, "that it would be startling to be the one exception."

The distance through the store, after Dick had left her, seemed to stretch out for miles—miles filled with people, merchandise, and an infinite amount of chatter. Jill was aware that she was not the only young hopeful trying to get this part-time job. If she ever landed it, she would be a part of this liveliness and chatter. It was symbolic; she was trying herself out as she would a stretch of untraversed ice or a new kind of can-opener.

Mr. Bremming, the manager, looked reassuringly human in a business-like way, and the monkey-wrench hold on Jill's throat

melted. She had been told that he personally went through the applications with his potential employees.

After his smile of greeting, which was the standard type—kept in the top drawer of any office desk—he proceeded with the questionnaire. “Name of parent or guardian; place and date of birth; any unusual talents or qualifications?” He looked up, his pen poised over the big sheet.

Jill groaned inwardly. Was there no place on earth for an ordinary girl who didn’t intend making drastic changes in civilization? Then the dimple, which had somehow come down to her through the family, asserted itself. “Absolutely not,” she answered.

“Don’t you really?” he asked her in astonishment, and seemed delighted when she shook her head.

The rest of the questions were so routine that Jill found her mind wandering. This job had been greatly in demand, and though any one of her brothers or sisters could have taken it easily, she was sure she had not risen to it. This age of specialization required special people. There were, however, positions for people who weren’t special or remarkable; and Jill promised herself that she would find one if it took years.

“Well, Miss, that seems to be the last of the questions,” Mr. Bremming was saying.

“And, in conclusion,” Jill supplied mentally, “better luck next time.” It wasn’t bitterness, though; determination pulsed through her.

“Thank you very much,” came the routine phrase, and then, “One other thing before you go. It isn’t our policy to say this, but I think I’ll tell you ahead of time that the job is yours.”

Jill decided her jaw must be hanging at an angle because Mr. Bremming smiled broadly, not an office fixture smile, but an impish grin of pleasure.

“Congratulations!” he beamed.

“I know that when you get a miracle tied up in pink ribbon, you’re not supposed to ask questions, but curiosity overcomes my discretion. Why?”

“Why?” he repeated, cocking his white head. “Because you don’t expect to be the next president or to toe dance in your spare time. You don’t even think that Risë Stevens will lose her job over you.” He smiled again at Jill, who was staring blankly at him. “I’d be awfully uncomfortable with a future opera singer or an East African explorer selling toothpaste and shaving cream in my store.

"Ambition and wild dreams are fine, as far as they go, but we still have a niche reserved for the down-to-earth individual. There are plenty of people to set the world on fire." His eyes twinkled. "Personally, I think it's hot enough now."

Jill laughed. "I agree with you, but don't feel too safe; I am a Dundsley, you know. If you smell smoke, don't entirely overlook my counter."

SHEILA MCGUIRE, Streator Twp. H. S., '54
Faye Homrighous, teacher

ANOTHER AUTUMN

There was a touch of wine on the leaves, giving them an air of loveliness as they drifted, rustling down, to spread a blanket on the bare earth. The whirling wind encouraged them to dance, with the yellows and purples and crimsons keeping time. And they whispered, laughed, and chattered continually. The air was chilly, and smoke from fires and chimneys curled its way toward heaven. Down winding lanes color was bursting forth. Even the creek carried leaves that looked like bright oriental boats. In the thinning treetops birds were chirping noisily. They were preparing for a long trip to warmer weather. Yes, the world was in a merry bustle, and everything was being reversed. Everything looked like a new land, a new world, another beautiful autumn.

DORINE WAGNER, Genoa-Kingston Com. H. S., '54
Gladys Wibking, teacher

STORMY RHAPSODY

The light slowly dimmed in nature's great concert hall, and the ominous silence was broken by the wailing winds beginning their introduction to a stormy composition.

Streaks of lightning flashed across the sky like a baton in the hand of the Master. During the first passage of the overture, leaves went scurrying like ballet dancers in a frenzied tempo.

As the performance reached its crescendo, thunderous roars like the clashing of cymbals gave vent to its matchless fury as the giant trees bowed wildly to omnipotent power. Pelted drops of rain in spasmodic fashion gave way to the rhythmic beats of softly falling drops, as notes falling upon muted ears. As the finale passed,

the last strains died away with the silver solo of a flute from the throat of a feathered friend.

All was quiet and serene, save a rustle as little gusts of wind roused the newly-fallen leaves to gossip about the magnificent concert.

KAYE GREENWOOD, Kinmundy-Alma H. S., '54
Ruby O'Dell, teacher

WHAT PRICE FREEDOM

As I sat there on the wooden bench waiting for the arrival of the six o'clock train, my mind began to take a trip back in time to two summers before. What a beautiful season it was, too. The trees had never blossomed out more fully than they did that year, nor was the grass so green, and I don't remember the sky ever being more beautiful.

It had been during that beautiful summer that my brother had gone away to Korea to fight for his country so that our children, and their children as well, could live in peace and enjoy the summers as he had always loved to do.

He would often write to me and ask about the trees and the flowers, the hillsides and the meadows on the farm, if they still held their breath-taking beauty during the autumn, the loveliest time of the year. Then I would answer him. I knew he lived for the day he could be home and see it all again just as before.

Now he was coming home, back to the same depot from which he had left, returning to the same town, the same people, to the hillsides, the meadows, and the trees where he liked walking and enjoyed being a free and a proud American.

Things wouldn't be the same for him anymore. He had to pay a price to be able to leave the killings and useless slaughters over there. He was blind.

I could hear the train now ; it was almost here. I could hardly wait.

The train pulled up and I ran to the platform. I saw him standing there and I shouted to him. Tears filled my eyes, and I was never so proud of my brother as he lifted his head high and with his cane began tapping his way toward me. In his smile and by the way he carried himself I saw the hope and faith which he always had.

He wasn't really blind at all.

NANCY LECHNER, Streator H. S., '56
Lucille M. Tkach, teacher

TWISTED FRIENDSHIP

"Me Charlie," he announced in a high, shrill voice, and then he began to giggle. It was an insane sound coming from the big bulk standing before me. He was staring at me with a vacant expression in his eyes. He didn't comprehend my fright.

And I was terribly frightened. My fifteen-year-old heart wasn't where it belonged. It was in my throat. I glanced wildly through the window, desperately hoping to see an approaching customer coming through the drizzling rain. There was no one.

I could hear the splash of water running over the ice cream scoops behind me, and as each second of strained silence went by, the sound became more like the rush of a waterfall.

He wasn't looking at me any longer. His eyes were filled with sudden delight as they caught sight of the cardboard display my employer had drawn of the different flavored cones.

My fright slowly dissolved as I warily watched him. Charlie must have been twenty-five; only he had the same expression on his face as a four-year-old boy thinking about how good the ice cream was going to taste.

He didn't seem to know how to manage his big form. It was as if he were uncoordinated or disjointed. His arms hung loosely from his slumped shoulders, and he kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

Finally he reached into his pocket and drew out a nickel. With great concentration, he gazed at it, and then clumsily placed it on the counter.

He frowned at it for a minute and then, with sudden inspiration, smiled at me and said, "Chocolate."

I couldn't help smiling back as I said, "Chocolate it is, Charlie!"

He grinned happily while I was making the cone, and his tongue flicked over his lips in anticipation of the first lick.

I put on an extra scoop of chocolate and smiled warmly as I picked up his nickel from the counter. "Thank you, Charlie. Come back again, soon!" I said as I handed the cone to him.

"Ta-tank you," he stammered as he backed to the door. "Ta-tank you." His face was all smiles. He groped for the door handle and stumbled out into the rain. He looked back over his shoulder, waving and grinning idiotically until he reached the sidewalk.

The Corner Ice Cream Store where I worked was in a residential neighborhood filled with children who spent most of their day next to the store. Charlie lived nearby with his widowed mother who worked days to support them. The neighborhood tol-

erated him because he was harmless; but while his mother was gone, Charlie would be left to shift for himself.

I used to see him every day wistfully watching the younger boys playing. Sometimes the boys would throw a fast ball to him and then laugh and jeer at his clumsy efforts to catch it. Poor Charlie would glance at them and giggle uncertainly.

Charlie became more and more dependent on my companionship, and sometimes I would feel as exasperated as the younger boys. His stupidity was almost unbearable to me at first, but eventually I learned to tolerate him. In fact, I found his affection for me amusing and really rather touching. He loved to do little jobs for me, and I soon had him picking up waste paper and sweeping the sidewalk for free cones—still chocolate ones.

I'll never forget the time Charlie actually told me of his affection for me. The other girl who worked at the store had just arrived when Charlie came lumbering up to me squealing for help. Five boys were gleefully chasing him, laughing hysterically at the odd spectacle he made running down the street to me, a girl half his size, for protection.

I was furious at the boys. They scampered out of my way as I led Charlie by the hand to his home. He followed me like a good dog, and when we reached the house, he looked down at me, his big eyes filled with pain, and squeaked, "Love Ma un you. Hate them."

"I love you, too, Charlie," I answered. "Now go in the house and wait for your mother to come home."

There were times I would worry about Charlie. I didn't feel right about his worshiping me the way he did. I had no feeling towards him but pity. It was impossible for me to really like him, and it made me ashamed when he would beg for something to do around the store. It was like tossing a crumb to a starving, flea-bitten mongrel, and the only consolation I had was the fact that it made him happy.

His mother even stopped in once to thank me for being kind to her son. She was a tired-looking woman. Struggle and worry had left their mark on her face. She told me that Charlie was really a good boy, and it made her very unhappy when some of the parents in the neighborhood would suggest that she put Charlie in an institution.

"They think he might hurt someone, but he's so harmless. Charlie is all I have," she said sadly.

A few days after talking with Charlie's mother, I was walking out of the store, and Glen, the boy I liked, was waiting outside. In

a typical fifteen-year-old show of affection, he pulled my hair. All of the children standing around laughed at me, but Charlie, following me as usual, looked bewildered.

Glen laughed, "What's the matter with Charlie? Don't you like it when I treat her rough?" Then he playfully started to twist my arm in back of me.

The sudden motion startled me, and I screamed in mock pain. In a second, Glen was hurled to the ground with terrific force, and his head hit against a rock, knocking him unconscious. Charlie stood over him with a crazed look of anger on his face.

There was a stunned silence. I burst into tears and screamed, "I hate you, Charlie!" as I rushed to Glen.

I don't remember much of what happened next, except that a man came running from his home and carried Glen to a car. I remember reaching home, crying hysterically that Charlie had killed Glen. He hadn't.

Glen was only slightly dazed, but nevertheless my parents refused to let me go back to work.

I almost forgot the whole incident in the following two weeks. The store was a mile away, and I didn't bother to go near it until I decided one day to visit the other girl who worked there.

One of the first questions I asked her was about Charlie.

"Gee, didn't you know? A petition went around the neighborhood, and they stuck him in an institution." She rattled on, "It's really where he belongs. He might have killed Glen! But gosh," she laughed, "he looked so funny after you yelled at him. The big dope was standing there with tears running down his cheeks! No one even noticed when he went home!"

I mumbled something and stumbled out the door. I vaguely heard her say, "Hey, wait a minute," but then I could hear nothing—nothing except a worn-out voice saying over and over again, "They think he might hurt someone, but he's so harmless. Charlie is all I have."

DIANE CARNALL, Niles Twp. H. S., '54
Priscilla Baker, teacher

NOT QUITE ALONE

Alone! Here I stood, just a few moments before my solo. For the first time, the friendly auditorium seemed to haunt with foreboding gloom.

After what seemed like hours, the director finished the preced-

ing numbers. Coming backstage, he smiled, then gave some last-minute instructions.

"Let's go," he said. "Step lively!"

Generous applause greeted our entrance. I sat down to the waiting instrument, adjusted the bench, and nodded readiness.

Clarinets, bassoons, and flutes merged timbres in the first thrilling tones of the Liszt *Concerto in A*. The magic of the pianist-poet blanketed everything. Forgotten were the audience, the task of practice, the preparation and perfection. All that remained was the exquisite, lonely beauty of the oboe, resonating azure tones.

The metamorphosis of the melody continued. Moods changed. Churning, brazen shrillings . . . the solemn peace of a French horn, like a prayer: the promise of relief from worldly cares . . . booming runs . . . velvety, chilling arpeggios . . . eerie, troll-like dances.

I smiled as the 'cellist drew his bow in glorious graceful tones through the stately secondary theme.

Then, a flash of drawn swords, blazing in the action of a march of noble grandeur. Trumpets proclaiming the Victory of Creation. . . . and it was finished.

Later, after the crescendo of activity had passed into muteness, the words of Violet Storey came to me:

"Tune me for life again, O quiet Musician.

Strive to adjust my loosened thought until,

Made taut, they shall be yielding to Thy Fingers

Gladly as trees to winds that touch this hill . . . "

I had made a "solo flight." And, from the power of a god of music to his God, I was no longer, nor could ever again be, alone!

WAYNE KASTL, J. Sterling Morton H. S., '54
Grace Gaarder, teacher

THE WEAVER

Hum-de-dum-de-dum I hummed as I danced into my room to change my clothes. I loved my room with its sky-blue ceiling and pink flowers on the wall. Narrow silver ribbons, tied in tiny bows, wandered around among the roses on the paper like shining railroad tracks winding around a mountain. Not a particle of dust was allowed to rest anywhere, and it was always in perfect order.

I skipped into the room and skidded to a stop in the middle of the floor. I hadn't noticed the little creature in the corner when I

came in. I stared at her now with surprise. What was she doing in my room? She certainly wasn't there this morning. I moved closer to take a better look. I believe she was the ugliest little old lady I had ever seen.

She looked me over with her very bright eyes and then went on with her work. I had been so amazed at the spectacle she herself made that I hadn't noticed what she was doing.

She had set up a tiny loom in the corner and was weaving the most beautiful lace I had ever seen. Back and forth she darted with agility that didn't fit her looks at all.

She was using silver threads, and the pattern was becoming more intricate every moment. In my mind I could see a lovely bride with soft dark hair wearing a veil made from this exquisite lace of silver.

Then my thoughts were carried away entirely from the ugly little creature in the corner, and I was walking in the moonlight in a white satiny dress. Beautiful lace hung in soft billows over the full skirt. Handsome young men stared with admiration and young ladies with envy.

Our dog broke into my reverie with his barking and brought me back from moonlit paths to my room. I had to do something about that horrid creature. No matter how lovely her lace might be she couldn't stay in *my* room.

With an offended air I left the room and returned with a broom and dust pan. I would take care of her in a hurry. A moment later a very surprised little black spider was dumped into the kitchen stove—lace and all.

JUANITA ROPP, Tremont H. S., '56
Henrietta Davis, teacher

SWINGING BRANCHES

A row of branches at the very top of the trees, one after another all in a line standing straight and tall, catches my eye as I gaze out the window. Suddenly from seemingly nowhere comes a wind, a strong wind that hits the trees, making them shake in their very roots. Suddenly, they are no longer just branches; magically they come alive and seem to march forward, one by one, as in a long circus procession. If you watch them long enough, you can see different personages clearly distinguished before your eyes.

There, there at the very front, that's the clown. He's twisting and turning, doing somersaults and then tripping forward again only to fall flat as the wind rises. He stands off to himself, before

the others, as if to announce their coming. Behind him comes an elephant. Oh, you can see him so clearly as the branches bunch together. He lumbers forward, not with the quick, jumpy steps of the clown, but with a stately grandeur that makes one catch his breath. See, there he raised his trunk for a peanut and then lowered it again. And on he goes following the clown.

On and on this procession goes, as far as I can see in either direction. Wagons and clowns, the band, with each of its members holding or playing a different instrument—the tuba, the flute, and the big bass drum, trapeze artists, and majorettes quickly twirling their batons: all these are a part of the circus.

And as I watch, just as suddenly as it started, it all stops; the wind ceases. No longer is there a circus, no longer the wagons and clowns; nothing but treetops, branches loaded with green and brown leaves. Nothing but a faint stir remains as a reminder of the past.

PAT HARRIS, Evanston Twp. H. S., '54
Mary L. Taft, teacher

TWO SCARED BOYS

It was 1:30 A. M., and Bob and Ted were still going strong pulling tricks, since this was Hallowe'en. "Well," said Bob, "what should we do now?"

"I know," replied Ted. "You know that old haunted house out on the west side of town?"

"Yes, what about it?" asked Bob.

"Well, let's go out there and prowls around awhile."

"Are you sure you want to? You know, everyone says there's an old man that stays out there. They say he lived in that house years ago, and when he died he left a fortune in jewels hidden somewhere in the house. There's a rumor that his spirit still guards these jewels."

"Oh, for heaven sakes! Do you believe that?" asked Ted. "Come on. Let's go."

The old house was dark and stood very erect against the gloomy sky. The shutters were all torn off and most of the windows were broken. It seemed to have an air about it that made you want to run. The boys walked up to the entrance, both of them not sure they wanted to carry this out; but neither would admit they were scared stiff. Ted opened the door and hesitated before he went in. The old rotten boards squeaked and made Bob all the jumpier. They explored the downstairs and then decided they wanted to

know what was upstairs. They hurried up the stairway which was about ready to collapse and went into a large hall.

"What in the world was that?" whispered Bob.

"I didn't hear anything," answered Ted.

"There it is again. It's kind of a groaning sound."

"Yes, I do hear it now. What do you suppose it is? Maybe someone's up here."

"Look! Eyes! Let's get out of here!"

The two boys ran down the stairway as fast as their legs would take them.

The old owl shifted his weight from one foot to the other and settled down again on the window sill, and the wind continued groaning around the corner of the house.

JOAN SAPP, Wyanet H. S., '57
Mrs. Dittus, teacher

NO ESCAPE

There was nothing for him to do but run—run as he had never run before. Frantically he raced, searching for a place where he would be under cover and safe from his pursuers. Where could he go? The seconds were rapidly ticking away, and Johnny knew that he couldn't waste any time. He had to think fast, for they would soon be after him, and he couldn't afford to be captured this time. It was beginning to get dark, which was definitely to his advantage; however, he could take no chances.

Then he spotted it, the place where he would be safe—at least for a while. They would never look for him here! It was a small wooden structure, probably once used for a tool shed. He managed to force open the old rusted door and grope his way to the rear corner. He decided to make himself as comfortable as possible, for he had no idea how long he would have to remain in this spot. They might never find him, or they might be on his trail that very minute.

After what seemed like hours, he heard voices. He grew tense, and his heart pounded wildly. Had they followed his trail and caught up with him? Then a flash of light came through the small window, its beam searching the floor and walls. Holding his breath, he clung to the wall, attempting to remain in the shadows. A few seconds later the latch clicked, and the door was flung open. Then he heard the dreaded summons, "Come on out, Johnny, we've got you now!"

Reluctantly he came from his hiding place to face his captors. He was the first one caught and would have to be "it" in their next game of hide-and-seek!

JANNEN FAULHABER, Naperville H. S., '54
Leona McBride, teacher

OH, BROTHER!

Brothers come in assorted sizes and shapes. They may be tall or short, fat or thin. They may have blue eyes or brown eyes, green eyes or gray eyes. Brothers are handy things to have around when you suddenly need some nail polish from the corner drug store or have to have a letter mailed in a hurry. But, sometimes—oh, brother!

There is one brother in particular I'd like you to meet. He is my brother, Johnny. Being four years younger makes him a mere infant in my eyes. He's typical of any young red-blooded American boy of his age. His stubby, blond crewcut is seldom combed. His laughing blue eyes usually glint with mischief, unless he is begging for a favor. There's usually a trick or two up his sleeve.

Johnny is the blond cherub who puts slimy green frogs in my bed regularly. When, in a typical older sister's domineering voice, I firmly reprimand him, he stands on one leg, like a stork, gapes at me and then pipes at me in his shrill voice, "Who do you think you are—Cleopattrick?"

These are only two of his annoyances. He can pop his gum like nobody's business, crack his knuckles like a veteran, and he's got the most annoying manner of making odd noises that sound like a dying cow.

Johnny doesn't know the meaning of manners, especially when it comes to eating spaghetti. Then he simply puts his head down, almost in his plate, and propels the food in with the rapid motion of a steam shovel.

Moreover, he is sloppy. It's amazing all the "stuff" he can get into his pockets: marbles, a pen knife, a ball, a wad of string, old papers, a miscellaneous key or two, a dead dew worm, and—last and least—his money.

Just try to do anything private when Johnny is around. You'll lose your hair doing it. Take last night, for instance. About six of my special chums and I were having a nice, meaty gab-fest up in my bedroom. We were giggling hilariously as we discussed the things near to our hearts: Julius La Rosa's current plight, the new boy in Spanish class, and certain things not to be mentioned here. I de-

cided to go down to the kitchen to whip up something to eat. When I opened the door, who should fall in on his snoopy little face, but dear, pesky Johnny.

But even though I do complain about him a *little*, that doesn't mean I don't love him just the same. When he wants a favor and looks up pleadingly with those big, blue eyes and says, "Please, Angie, please," I just can't resist him. I guess all brothers are the same, a little bit of mischief mixed in with a whole lot of good.

MARY ANN SCHWARTZ, Alleman H. S., Rock Island, '56
Sister Louise, O.S.B., teacher

A FORMULA FOR FAILURE

To fail is one of the easiest things you can accomplish. However, as in chemistry, you must use certain ingredients and a formula.

The first step in making a failure is to get together the ingredients. The chief ingredients are laziness, indifference, self-pity, uncoöperation, and the habit of giving excuses.

The best place to mix failure is in the classroom. Everyone knows you are cheated there. Since you now have the ingredients and the place to mix them, you can go to work.

First, come into class late; then everyone will notice you. If the teacher gives you an assignment, be indifferent and pay no attention. Later, while the teacher is discussing the lesson, you can disturb your neighbor to find out what the assignment is. If the teacher is still discussing the lesson, you now have a good chance to finish that mystery you have been reading. Soon the bell will ring, and, since you have been so good in class, you certainly deserve to be the first one out. Therefore, watch the clock, and, just before the bell rings, move to the edge of your seat. When the bell does ring, spring to your feet and run to the door. If you knock someone down, pay no attention. He can pick himself up.

Don't study your assignment in study hall. Plenty of magazines and papers can be found there to waste your time. Besides, you must keep up with the world. Leave your homework until tonight.

Tonight you must not miss that movie, or is it a television program? After all, you need some entertainment. Forget your homework. You can always do that in the morning.

When morning comes, sleep late so that you just have time to get to school before the last bell rings. Since you were almost tardy, you have a perfect excuse for not doing your homework.

Now remember to be late to class again. You must be as uncoöperative as possible. When the teacher asks the reason for your tardiness, tell her all of the silly excuses you can make up. Then the students will have something to laugh at.

Soon after this the teacher will begin the class discussion. You are positive that the question that she will ask you to answer is the very one which you do not know. She never gives you an easy question. These are all given to the "A" students. They always get all of the breaks.

Keeping this formula in mind, you should be able to turn out a failure in a short time. If you succeed only in making a failure of your failure, you have only yourself to blame.

DONNA BOSTON, Galva H. S., '54
Mildred Lapan, teacher

THE TRAVELER

I am as old as God Himself. Some say I rival His wisdom and healing powers. Through the ages I have traveled steadily, never faltering nor hesitating too long in one place.

I was there when the world was new; when grotesque forests gulped torrential rains; when the sea spilled over the sizzling earth; when man existed only in the mind of God.

I witnessed man's arrival and with expectant eyes followed his path.

Slowly I crept through the lands of the Fertile Crescent, and on into Egypt. I marveled at the pyramids and found recognition in the eyes of the Sphinx, then swiftly rode the North Wind across the sea to Greece.

With the agelessness of my wisdom, I blessed the Greeks. I stayed beside the lone hero at the pass of Thermopolæ for as long as I dared.

Then on to Rome I marched with the measured tread of the Prætorian Guards. Soon the degenerate pattern of Roman life settled over me with the inevitableness of a shroud. Shaking off its loathsome folds, I turned on Rome and along with the Teutonic hordes helped to smother its now tarnished glory.

During the years when the Lamp of Knowledge was sputtering low, I crept through the shadows. Slowly, ever so slowly, the flame of that lamp began to grow and suddenly it burst into an almost blinding flame . . . and the sparks of enlightenment kindled man's

long-dead curiosity. Sounds of a lonesome lute softly echoed through tapestry-hung halls and fondly urged me to linger. But I could not rest, especially now . . .

For now, I thought, now is the time to show them the new lands across the seas. Cautiously at first, then with a daring recklessness, I guided their ships over the undulating waters. As swiftly and smoothly as the moon-guided tide, I carried seeds of culture from Old World to New. Deep in the rich earth I planted these seeds and let them grow strong with the wealth of my wisdom.

Through bloody Revolution, Civil War, and then Depression I guided my new love; but she now grows headstrong, impatient, irreverent of me. I cannot tarry here. Forward I must move, ever pacing onward with the steady, rhythmic throb of life.

There are no resting places along the upward spiraling road which I must follow. No . . . there is no rest for Time.

KATHRYN WOLCOTT, Niles Twp. H. S., '54
Priscilla Baker, teacher

FATHER OF THE TEMBO HERD

I, Baba Yangu of the herd, am old.

I recall as I watch the young playing near their mothers how long ago I too was playing near my mother.

It was a sunny day years ago when playing near my mother, who was a little off from the herd, I heard a slight crackling noise that I had heard for the past few days. It was made by a strange type of creature stealing through the jungle-like grey shadows.

I saw my mother lift her trunk in the air and sniff the breeze uneasily, but went to grazing again.

All of a sudden a noise like thunder split the still morning air. I saw my mother lift her head in fear. That was soon replaced by anger as blood rushed from her side. She trumpeted as I had never heard before and started toward those grey shadows.

After twenty yards she stopped, gave a feeble trumpet, and slumped to the ground.

All this time I stood there watching and not knowing what to do, but I saw the herd running so I ran with them. Little did I know then that I would become father of the herd.

The herd is small, about forty-five Tembo in all, compared to the herd of 250 my mother and I were in.

How I long to have the freedom of the plains and jungles as I used to have! But these dreaded shadows, men, have captured us.

Baba Yangu of the Tembo herd isn't what it used to be. Man has cut our numbers to less than half. We are slowly leaving the plains we loved so well for the steaming jungle, always making more room for our dreaded enemy, man.

JULIAN RIDLEN, Centennial Jr. H. S., Decatur, '58
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

FINIS

July—hot, sultry, dry, unbearable July! A time of drought, sunstroke; the Fourth—frozen custard, tourists, picnics, sailing, swimming, and golf—was now confronting the North American continent. In the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and fifty, it was just another day helping fill out the three hundred and sixty-five needed to build a new scale of events for the coming eternity.

The crowd was tense, hot, and impatient. It lined the fences, sat atop the gates, boot-tipped feet entwined in the boards. Cool drinks were synonymous with hot dogs; and while a young cowpoke wailed for his mother, another gave a nearby horse the once-over. The sun was merciless and left its intense brand on the naked portions of the crowd. Some actually thirsted for blood; others merely complained of the heat and the Democrats.

They were in the chutes now. His was a black Brahma, number seven on a slip of paper drawn from a Stetson. Up the retaining walls of the chute he climbed, his levis sticking to his sweaty legs. He straddled the chute. The void below was filled with a ton and a half of black, impatient dynamite. He eased down on the broad back behind the meaty hump. A gloved hand grasped the rope. The bell clanged an ominous warning and the chute was open. The earth met the sky that day, then blurred and fell into a whirlpool of dazing fear, fear of the uninhibited animal under his weight. Then the ground rose to meet him. The pain, unnoticed, was there; but fear and pain were lost in a thundering roar as the black horn dropped to meet his chest and the froth from the beast's mouth, mingled with the diet to which he clung, for his life . . . and death.

PHILIP MILLS, Peoria H. S., '54
Emily E. Rice, teacher

POETRY

"Tomorrow I shall expect a poem from each one of you. Class dismissed."

These were the words of my English teacher. For the past few weeks we had been studying poetry—good poetry, so I was told. I couldn't tell you. The only way I can tell poetry is by the way it is written in stanzas and lines. If they ever write poetry in prose form, I'll be lost.

One day when I had come into my English class, I had found some chicken scratching on the board. It had looked much like this:

— ' — ' — ' — ' — '
 — ' — ' — ' — ' — '
 — ' — ' — ' — ' — '

One of my fellow students, before I had been so foolish as to ask, had been kind enough to inform me that this "chicken scratching" was a stanza pattern. I had soon been informed that this scratching was iambic pentameter and that it had a very definite rhythm. The teacher had been only too happy to illustrate this rhythm. She had stood in front of the class and begun, "Da DE' da DE' da DE' da DE' da DE'." To emphasize the accented syllable, she had picked up a ruler and had banged it on her desk. "Da DE' bang da DE' bang da DE' bang da DE' bang da DE' bang." To illustrate further, she had added words. "Al WAYS (bang) it WAS (bang) a LONE (bang) ly PLACE (bang) the SWAMP (bang). Jim BLAKE (bang) had MEANT (bang) to DRAIN (bang) it WHEN (bang) he BUILT (bang) his HOUSE (bang)."

This was poetry?

Now all I had to do was write one of these things called a poem. That night I began to work on it. I got out a pencil, a piece of paper, and a ruler. I was sure a ruler would help me because my very intelligent English teacher always used a ruler when she read poetry. And if I used a ruler, my poetry would be good.

In order for poetry to be good, it must have three things: rhythm, harmony, and figures of speech. I knew in the writing of poetry one must have an inspiration; and so I got a bottle of coke, a peanut-butter sandwich, pickles, and a couple of apples out of the refrigerator. If food wouldn't inspire me, nothing would. Next I needed a definite rhythm pattern. I dug from my congested notebook several pieces of scrap paper on which I had carefully jotted

down several patterns. The most legible of these patterns was iambic pentameter; therefore I decided to use it.

Well, I had done one thing, and it was quite painless. Maybe this poetry business wasn't so bad after all. Now all I had to do was write a few lines of words that contained figures of speech and harmony. Most of the poems I had read didn't make much sense to me. I figured the deeper you hid the meaning the better the poem.

"I'm a cinch to get an A on this poem. Why, that teacher will eat this stuff up. Who knows, she might even enter it in one of those contests. Won't she be proud when I win the contest? From this contest I'll go on to bigger ones until I win national recognition. Then the money will roll in. I'll have a secretary to whom I can dictate all my poems. All I will have to do is sit around on a yacht in some nice secluded spot, drink cokes, and dictate poetry! Boy, will I have fun! I can see me now . . ."

Dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong, dong. "Holy Cow, it's nine o'clock! I've been sitting here for an hour, and all I have is a blank piece of paper. Gee, I'm sleepy. Better get started on that poem. Wish I could have gone ice skating tonight—ice skating! That's it! I'll write about ice skating." I grabbed my coke in one hand and my sandwich in the other hand and began to work. About five minutes later I realized I hadn't achieved anything because I was too busy eating. Boy, was that sandwich good! I love peanut butter!

"Let me see now. 'The night,'—that was a good beginning. What about the night? I know! 'Is cold and crisp and clear.' Now let me read it all together and see how it sounds. 'The night is cold and crisp and clear.' Gosh, am I sleepy! I wish I could go to bed. Let me see—'The night is cold and crisp and clear. The trees are iced with frosting.' Say, that's pretty cute. Now what? 'The moon is like a piece of cheese'? No, that's too corny.

"Oh, to heck with it! I'm going to bed!"

JOANNE ARENDT, East H. S., Rockford, '54
Edna Youngquist, teacher

PARAGRAPHS BASED ON PHRASES FROM "HAMLET"

The phrases in the following paragraphs were taken from *Hamlet*, Act II, Scene II.

Two senior boys, Sam Rosencrantz and Jack Guildenstern, were caught smoking on the campus of their Chicago high school recently and were taken down to see the superintendent and their dean. At this point they are entering the office for a conference.

DEAN: "*Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern! What's this that I hear about you boys smoking on the campus? You know it's against the school rules.*"

ROSENCRANTZ: "*That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase. How can you say a thing like that, sir? You know that Jack and I wouldn't do that.*"

DEAN: "*Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that, that I have positively said 'tis so,' when it proved otherwise?*"

SUPERINTENDENT: "*Not that I know.*"

DEAN: "*I will find where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the center. Were you boys smoking or were you not?*"

ROS. AND GUILD.: "*Well, uh, sir, uh, you see, uh, it's like this, uh, that is, we—*"

SUPERINTENDENT: "*More matter with less art.*"

GUILDENSTERN: "*What should we say, my lord?*"

SUPERINTENDENT: "*Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color.*"

DEAN: "*What say you?*"

ROS. AND GUILD.: "*Okay. We were smoking.*"

DEAN: "*Then is doomsday near.*"

SUPERINTENDENT: "*We can expel you for smoking on the school grounds, you know, boys.*"

ROSENCRANTZ: "*Both your majesties might, by the sovereign power you have of us, put your dread pleasures more into command than to entreaty.*"

SUPERINTENDENT: "*I believe we'll have to take you boys out of school after all.*"

GUILDENSTERN: "*You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal.*"

DEAN: "*All right, Jack and Sam, you can go now.*"

ROSENCRANTZ (outside the office): "*These tedious old fools.*"

HARRY WAPPLER, Maine Twp. H. S., '54
Elizabeth Parolini, teacher

THIS IS STATION C-O-O-L

Greetings and Salutations, good friends. This is your old friend, Bebob Bill, here to bring you the first hot episode in, "Man, Dig That Crazy Shakespeare!" Our play for this week is "Hamlet," one of the *mostest* written by that boy from Stratford-on-Avon. But before that plush curtain goes up, I'm going to give you the deal about this breath-taking drama.

The whole big mess starts when the ghost of Hamlet's father tells big Hamlet that his Uncle Claudius, a real crude character, and his Mother, also a crummy Carol, were the causers of his death. Now, of course, when Hamlet learns this, he goes into hysterics and practically has a couple of cats. So, although he is deeply in love with Ophelia, a real slick-chick of the court, Hamlet pretends he's strictly a gone guy in order to devote his entire, beautiful self to revenge. While he is pretending madness, he makes that ever-popular speech that recently was the origin of a Knock-Knock joke. (I'm sure you all remember it: Knock-knock! Who's there? Toby. Toby who? Toby or not Toby.)

While Hamlet is vacillating (dig that crazy word—for all you culture lovers that haven't consulted that exotic Edgar named Webster lately, it means jumping around from one thing to another), because he just can't bring himself to revenge, Laertes challenges Hamlet to a duel. Laertes is the brother of Ophelia, who in the meantime really *went* and drowned herself. Now this duel is supposed to be friendly, but the king encourages Laertes to poison his sword. I'm telling you, friends, that king is a real crude character, as you can easily see. As far as I'm concerned, he could have taken his grits and gravy and caught the nearest slop-car to the mudflats of Paroomph. It sure would have been Perfectly Paul with me.

Well, anyway, the duel gets under way and somehow the swords are accidentally exchanged. So both Hamlet and Laertes get their death wounds. But just as soon as our dying friend, Hamlet, learns of this monstrous cruelty, he finally gets up the much-needed strength, and slays his uncle; and I don't mean his uncle thinks Hamlet's funny.

Well, folks, the curtain is about to rise, so I leave you now. Have fun in the depths of culture!

MARCIA MUELDER, Galesburg H. S., '56
Virginia Hinchliff, teacher

MOM'S MEMORIES

Mom lived in Arkansas, the cotton country, when she was just a little girl, and sometimes when we want the dishes to go faster we'll ask her to tell us about way-back-then. Mom and her younger sister, Verla, had many exciting adventures.

One Mom tells us is about the time she almost caught a snipe! She was about thirteen years old and Verla was twelve when they had their chance to go snipe-hunting.

Floyd Collins, a tall, good looking boy, and some other boys whose names Mom can't remember, asked the two girls to go with them and help catch snipe. Grandpa refused! Mom and Verla went anyway.

Floyd, the boys, and the two girls walked through a half-mile of muddy cotton fields until they came to a ditch where the girls learned from Floyd how to catch snipe.

"You get in the ditch and just hold the white sack open. Then me and the boys will scare up a snipe; and when he sees us, he'll run for the ditch and jump in the sack." Of course Floyd didn't tell them how long they were to wait. After all, it shouldn't take too long to catch a snipe.

Mom and Aunt Verla waited two hours for the snipe to jump into their white sack. With the setting of the sun the girls began to get worried and wondered if the boys had given up the hunt and had forgotten about them. As darkness came, it proved too much for the girls' courage, and they ran for home without having even a glimpse of a snipe. Not only was Grandpa angry with them, but Mom had lost her shoe in the muddy field.

As Mom finishes her story, one of us is bound to ask, "What is a snipe? A bird?"

"Honey," Mom replies, "there's no such thing as a snipe."

Mom did catch something once, though, or rather it almost caught her.

The two mules, which Grandpa had paid a hundred dollars for to haul cotton, the girls had claimed for their own and named Bill and Maude. Mom's mule, Bill, was blind in one eye. Mom always adds, "But he was a good mule."

Every Sunday the two girls took a ride on their mules. On one Sunday as they were on their way to the barn to get the mules, they noticed a bird's nest just above the mule stall. Each Sunday after that they took turns climbing the side of the barn to the nest by sticking their toes in the slits between the boards in the wall.

On the third Sunday after the discovery of the nest, it was Mom's turn to climb the wall. As she put her hand in the nest to see if the eggs had hatched, she felt something cold and slimy wrap around her arm. She climbed down with a snake "as long as a door is high" in close pursuit of her. The two girls ran to the house for Grandpa. He hurried to the barn and shot the snake, a water moccasin.

I shiver every time I hear this, and as Mom finishes I ask, "But Mom, isn't that snake poisonous?"

Mom answers calmly, "Yes."

"You might have been killed!"

"Yes, but snakes were everywhere down there. Did I ever tell you of the time—"

The stories continue until we finish dishes and I find myself once more at home instead of on some exciting adventure with my mother and aunt.

MARTHA MCANELLY, Bloomington H. S., '54
Maude M. Leonard, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

- Bloomington: "Lost," by Jerrie H. Buhl (May English); "I Never Saw a Purple Cow," by Ronald Baumgardner, and "The Wreck," by George Starr (Lorraine Kraft); "The Task," by Barbara Hartenstein (Effie Sutton).
- Canton: "What Would You Do?" by Mary K. Rose (Orpha Stutsman).
- Carlinville: "The Seasons Are Like People," by Virginia Neighbors (Mary Hoyt Stoddard).
- Chicago (Sacred Heart H. S.): "In 1871," by Jacqueline Jogerst, and "My Grandfather," by Genevieve Kebleris (Sister Mary Andrea).
- Cicero (J. Sterling Morton H. S.): "Male Superiority," by Francene Habal (Grace Gaarder).
- Decatur (Centennial Jr. H. S.): "Terror in the Night," by Jimmie Griffiths (Helen Hunsinger).
- Downs: "Going on Fifteen," by Nancy Jo Miller (Barbara Stuart).
- Elgin (Larsen Jr. H. S.): "The Grievs of Being Afflicted With 'It'," by Gail Holdiman (Betty Rupp).
- Elmhurst (York Com. H. S.): "Creation," by Barbara Graff, and "Two Boys and a Rowboat," by Frieda Wischaeffer (Eleanor A. Davis).
- Evanston: "The Greatest Athlete," by Richard Mesirow, and "Thanks to Shakespeare," by James Newberry (Edith Baumann); "Near Catastrophe in Alphabet Land," by Lynn Saberson (Helen Montgomery); "And They Cheered," by Eleanor Green, "My Favorite Photograph of Lincoln," by Jerry Mattson, and "The Rio Grande," by Roxanne Peterson (Mary L. Taft); "The Tempest," by Colleen Kennedy (Charlotte Whittaker).
- Fairfield: "Smiles," by Robert D. Rush (Della Marlin).
- Galesburg: "Desert Sunset," by Mary Beauchamp, and "The Unknown Soldier," by Kay Ketzle (Virginia Hinchliff).
- Genoa (Genoa-Kingston H. S.): "Lady Peg," by Roxy Nelson (Gladys Wibking).
- Glen Ellyn (Glenbard Twp. H. S.): "A Great Performer," by Mary Wentz (Grace Carlson).
- La Grange (Lyons Twp. H. S.): "Mother Receives an Informal Education," by Karin Jones (Norma Jordan).
- Marengo: "Father's Green Thumb," by Janice Sukup (Helen S. Tipps).
- Moline: "Football—Great Game!" by Tim Hungate (Bess Barnett); "To a Mississippi Bridge," by Betty Klier (Barbara

- Garst) ; "Killed With Kindness," by Bill Christison, and "Snow," by Jon Rogers (Marjorie Hendee) ; "The Dream," by Marlo Lange (Adeline Kerns).
- Naperville: "Feature Story," by Sarah Wolf (Leona McBride) ; "The Male Animal," by Ann Fagan (Dorothy Scroggie) ; "My Pet, Mrs. Chipitski," by Maurice Murray (Laura Wolvertson).
- New Berlin: "I Lived in a Hell of My Own," by Cynthia Holler (Mary Knox).
- Normal (University H. S.): "The Scar," by Jackie Reusser (Verna Hoyman) ; "Reflections," by Arlin Ehrlich (Bernice Huff) ; "Mike Fink," by Alice Davis, and "How to Dispel a Ghost," by Sue Sorg (Ruth Stroud).
- Park Ridge (Maine Twp. H. S.): "The Key to My Life," by Phyllis Webb (Elizabeth Parolini) ; "*Steamboat Gothic*," by Frances Parkinson Keyes—A Book Review," by Sayre Anderson, and "Beware the Ides of March," by John Wilhelm (Paulene M. Yates).
- Pekin: "Our American Heritage," by Jo Ann Bodie (Helen Mae Moore and Florence V. Diers) ; "Mosquitoes to the Rescue—A Tall Tale," by Mary Hannan (Richard K. Gragg).
- Peoria: "Pop," by Ann Bodine, and "The Midnight All-American," by Alan Swanson (Emily E. Rice).
- Peotone: "My Greatest Ambition," by Carol Knickrehm (June Wight).
- Rock Island (Alleman H. S.): "No Place Like Home," by Mary Ross (Sister M. Amata) ; "Waiting!" by Paul DeWilde (Sister M. Carlos) ; "It Might Have Been Tragic," by Mary White (Sister Louise) ; "The Lost Star," by William Vinson (Sister Loyola).
- Rockford (East H. S.): "Here I'm King," by Marvin Tepper (Adele Johnson) ; "Meditation," by Joanne Jackson (Edna Youngquist).
- Rockford (West H. S.): "The Rosin Box," by Janey Maxim, and "Suspense," by Leslie Ware (Maud E. Weinschenk).
- Skokie (Niles Twp. H. S.): "First Night," by Suzanne Lange (Priscilla Baker) ; "Ebb Tide," by Bette Halvorsen (Doris Tillmann).
- Streator: "Death," by Beverly Brennan (Faye Homrighous).
- Taylorville: "How Wrestling Began," by Dave Marblestone (Elizabeth Stanfield).
- Wyanet: "The Hole in Arizona—A Tall Tale," by Betty Knudsen (Mrs. Dittus).